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GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL;

OR, THE

SQUADS IN AN UPROAR;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF POLITICS;

OR,

EPISTLES, POETICAL AND PICTURESQUE.

Written by TOBY SCOUT, Esq.

A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITION;

And Edited by PETER PINDAR, Esq.

PART II.

Qui tollit decipit, decipiatur.

Had BATTLES an atom of wit,
And woldn't her lost health to regain;
She would kick out the mountebank P---,
And consult HER OLD DOCTOR again.

Ah! silly JOHN BULL, or JONNY ASS,
Deserving full many a drub;
Thy long ears can with pleasure let pass
Any lie, any TALE OF A TUB!

Surrounded by Wolves—a gaunt pack—
With praise and fair promise they treat thee;
And so thick is thy head-piece, poor JACK,
Thou suspect'st not their plan is—so eat thee!

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To N—— S——, Esq.

EPISTLE VIII.

COUSIN Nic, couldst thou see *some* COURT faces!
Most rueful indeed! a yard long—
Gone, gone are the SMILES and the GRACES;
Most capital subjects for Song!

I've just met with *some* of the Crew :—
Bull-head C-RD---N, dead in the dumps;
SALISB'RY, looking confoundedly *blue*,
And his Countess as *blue* as poor NUMPS.

MAIDS of HONOUR, all wand'ring about,
Are seen with a sorrowful air—
With their lily-white Handkerchiefs out—
Sad flags, COUSIN Nic, of despair!

Old LIVER— you know who I mean—
Old JENK—of the Closet Old RATS—
Will feel his bones cracking, I ween,
(Heav'n grant it !) by one of *our* cats !

Smart lads in the Council will shine,
Instead of the stupid and tubbish ;
Choice spirits, instead of dull swine ;
Bright Jewels, instead of *old rubbish*.

The Bed-chamber LORDS are in dudgeon ;
And cropsick the Grooms and the Pages,
As if struck on the head with a bludgeon,
Seem to say, “ Farewell honour and wages !”

The COOKS, in a pitiful stew,
The SCULLIONS, half out of their wits—
“ Adieu to the platters! Adieu
“ To the dripping-pans, sauce-pans, and spits!”

LORD

LORD SALISB'RY'S *poor* Butler and Groom,
With other young KNIGHTS of the MEWS,
And other young KNIGHTS of the BROOM,
For their places all shake in their shoes.

As a whisper is current abroad,
When the PRINCE shall arrive at the *throne*,
Farewell to the farce of an *Ode* ;—
Thus the “BLACK'S occupation is gone.”

Or *should* this same ODE be in *vogue*,
*Musicians will come from that class
Which know the sweet *lark* from a *hog*;
BRAHAM'S voice from the bray of an Ass!

PITT

* *Musicians will come.*] Unfortunately for the credit of his Majesty's BAND of Music, it is not composed of Musicians, but of people of mean occupations, who receive the salaries; and hire, for a trifling sum, performers to *fiddle* for them.--Lord SALISBURY knows *all about it*.

PITT is just like a fox for a hen,
 Slily squinting and creeping about,
 Snuffing wildly the wind—but what then,
 If Dame PARTLET refuse to come out?

How *cut down*!—from the *lime* to a *lugger*!—
 The Grocers observe him at Dover,
 And *may* send him a pound of brown *sugar*;
 But as to the Statue, 'tis *over*.

Ah! LUCIFER, Son of the Morning,
 How fall'n! ah! how lost all thy light!
 No longer the heavens *adorning*!—
 Poor Planet—good night t'ye—good night!

And yet—tho' the fellow I hate,
 I still must acknowledge his merit;
 Tho' his *quack'ries* and insolent state
 I despise, let me honour his *spirit*.

Retir'd

Retir'd, from political battle,
To his Castle, to learn to be *wary*,
He *astories* the fields and the cattle,
With tactics *yclep'd* mili-tary !

He has got all the *technicals*, pat---
Studying SAXE and VAUBAN, night and day ;
And already has kill'd one ram cat,
Three magpies, two owls, and a jay !

Over hedges and ditches and quags,
Huge feats he is seen to perform !
He has torn a poor dung-hill to rags,
And taken a bog-house by *storm* !

To PITT, are all weapons alike :—
With his bayonet he stabb'd an old sow ;
He pierc'd a large calf with a pike,
And slew with a broad-sword the cow.

Many rams has he tumbled about,
And crack'd of some yearlings the skull ;
Put of oxen a score to the rout,
And leap'd on the back of the bull !

For his tutor, he takes GEN'RAL MOORE,
As great in a battle his skill is ;
And thus a fit CHIRON, I'm sure,
For instructing his pupil ACHILLES.

Together for glory they run !
If a *hedge-hog* they meet, he is dead !
If a *squirrel—bounce*, off goes a gun !
If a *mushroom—smack*, off goes his head !

Is a stump of a tree in their way ?
With a fury heroic they rend it !
Is a mole-hill ? in battle array,
In *column*, they march to defend it !

On

On counterscarps, curtains, and ravelins,
Mines, sausages, bridges, and ditches;
Pikes, bayonets, and ramrods, and javelins,
Palisadoes, and guns, and their breeches—

They so talk ! *Such* a hist'ry of wars !
E'en at meal-times untir'd is the tongue ;
When, lo ! with the voice of a MARS,
They sing of proud TRIUMPH the SONG.

INVITATION TO BONAPARTE.

A DUET.

BY MR. PITT AND GENERAL MOORE.

BONAPARTE, come over :
We will meet thee at DOVER ;
And the GENERALS our Forces commanding
Will salute thy *two* ears
With *three* excellent cheers,
And a warm *Cornish* hug, at thy landing.

LOUIS,

LOUIS, JEROME, and Jo
Let us see too, and know,
With thy UNCLES and AUNTS—a *brave* band !
Bring likewise thy COUSINS,
Of whom thou hast dozens—
And bring the old fox, TALLEYRAND.

Thou 'lt be frighten'd to see
How brisk we shall be,
To bestow ev'ry thing in our power :—
Most excellent air ;
Nice *lodgings* to spare ;
E'en the *best* to be found in the TOWER.

As *French manners* are thine,
And so *very divine* !
Thou never wilt fail of delight ;

As

As the Monkeys by day
Will chatter away ;
And the *Tygers* howl music at *night* !—

As thou oft didst protest,
That a *fight* is a *feast* ;
And as no man, indeed, can be *thinner* ;—
Thou shalt have—*not a pullet*,
But a dainty hot *bullet*,
And a *pike* for thy *teeth*, after dinner !

Come the CONSUL whenever he will—
And he means it, when NEPTUNE is calmer—
PITT will send him a d-mn'd bitter pill
From his fortress, the Castle of WALMER !

EPISTLE IX.

LAST night I dropp'd in on a CLUB ;
The *great* MISTER SQUIB in the chair—
Who became a *grand* BEAR, from a *Cub*—
Important in *look* as LORD MAY'R :

Or a certain LAW LORD of our days,
A great *un*-deciding DECIDER ;
Very rarely a subject of *praise* ;
But oft of a wicked DERIDER !—

Who *hems* with *much wisdom*, and *ha's*—
And seldom concludes *in a minute* :
And whose *wig* might as well in a cause
Be employ'd, as the *head* that is in it !

Thou

Thou hast witness'd, full many a time,
The *magic* that waits upon PLACE—
Where the note of the OWL is *sublime*,
And sheer *grease* a fine sample of GRACE !—

From the coal and the smoke of his Shop
To the *Bench* let black MULCIBER move ;
Lo ! his tools into consequence hop,
And his *sledge* is the *sceptre* of JOVE !—

SQUIB now with much gravity rose—
A most solemn and sanctified look !
“ Pray, inform us all, what you suppose
“ Is our S-v---GN's complaint, MISTER PUKE ?”

PUKE answer'd—“ Indeed, MISTER SQUIB,
“ Of opinions, I'm not a *free* giver ;
“ But, I think, that a child with a *bib*
“ Must pronounce the disease in the *liver* !”

Now

NOW GRIPE started up, in his pride,
Whom no death of a *patient* affrights :
“ MISTER PUKE, you and I differ *wide*—
“ ‘T is no more in the *liver* than *lights*.”

PUKE, nettled, now answer'd and said,
“ Tho' your *wisdom* was never *suspected* ;
“ If I know any thing of my *trade*,
“ MISTER GRIPE, 't is the *liver*'s affected.”

“ Sir, I don't think you *do*,” answer'd GRIPE,
With a smile, and a squint, and a leer—
Now PUKE, in a rage at this *wipe*,
Thought of dealing a box on the *ear* !

But sagely suspecting *return*,
And possessing some love for his *hide*,
He was forc'd in his bowels to *burn*,
And submit, to DAME PRUDENCE, MISS PRIDE.

Well,

How few boast the wisdom of PUKE—

A present, not *ev'ry* man's lot!—

How *easier* to *bear* a *rebuke*,

Than a sword in the heart, or a shot!

HONOUR likes to *shoot, stab, and slice*,

When *affronted*—wild, panting for *blood*!—

Very strange, that a LADY *so nice*.

Should prefer *such indelicate food*!

“ Well,” quoth PUKE, “ thou shalt have thy own way

“ Master GRIPE, or to *prate* or to *kill*;—

“ Allow me the freedom to say—

“ Thou art *Vox et præterea nil*!”

“ Well,” quoth GRIPE, “ what hast thou been *asaying*?

“ Master PUKE, that redounds to thy glory?

“ Goose gabbling—a jack-ass's braying!—

“ To talk Latin—mere *nugæ canoræ*!”

To, high words now the disputants rose,
Indeed, words not in flattery *rich*—
GRIBE talk'd loudly of pulling a *nose* ;
Master PUKE talk'd of kicking a breech !

“ Thy physic,” quoth GRIBE, “ is all *slop* !
“ Not fit for a pig, or a porter :
“ Could I catch thee but once in my shop,
“ I would pound thee to dust in my mortar.”—

“ With *such fellows*,” quoth PUKE, in disdain,
“ I scorn, like a blackguard to *wrestle* ;
“ Yet, GRIBE, had thy head any brain,
“ I would dash it all out with my *pestle* !”

The company now interfer'd,
To set those hot matters to rights—
They drank friends—and no longer was heard
The dispute between LIVER and LIGHTS.—

And,

And, now, Cousin Nic, I beg leave

(As *Labour* and *I* don't agree)

To my pen a small respite to give—

And indulge in a pinch of rappee.



Peace now being happily made,

Up rose, on his legs, Master SLY ;

And thus to the Chairman he said—

Whilst “ *Hear him ! hear ! hear !* ” was the cry.

“ SIR ! ADMINISTRATION is *weak !*

“ Very feeble—*exceedingly*, SIR—

“ It has not a *man* that can *speak*—

“ Not a tongue on a topic to *stir !*

“ The

“ The PREMIER, I grant *very good*—
“ Fit to join with his *wife* in *debate* ;
“ Prescribe a child’s *physic* and *food*—
“ But he should not *prescribe* for a *State*.

“ His judgment on *mutton* and *beef*,
“ I allow him without hesitation—
“ And of *tea*, too, it is my belief,
“ There is no *souder judge* in the Nation.

“ In a Boarding-school, too, he might *shine*,
“ And make a most excellent *Teacher* ;
“ Nay *more*—make a *decent* DIVINE,
“ And, *per-haps*—prove a *popular Preacher* !

“ But we want, SIR, a *man* of *deep thought*,
“ Of political, sharp, penetrations—
“ In the school of EXPERIENCE, SIR, taught ;
“ Well vers’d in the int’rests of NATIONS :

“ The

“ The MAN from intrigue who refrains ;
“ Scorns to creep, spaniel-like, to DISGRACE ;
“ Who, firm in his virtue, disdains
“ To enrich an OLD CAT, for his *place*.

“ The MAN who would *die* for the State—
“ Of FREEDOM, the glorious Defender ;
“ Not a fellow of *infinite prate*—
“ *Not* a noisy and bullying pretender.

“ Not the man who encourages *spies* ;
“ For poor LIBERTY laying the *snare* ;
“ Affected no more by her cries,
“ Than a POACHER, by squeaks of a *hare*.

“ Not a childish, vindictive, poor fool,
“ Against men who may *smile* at his name,
“ Who fancies the praise of each *Tool*
“ Nothing less than the *plaudit* of FAME.

F

“ 'T is

“ 'T is the MAN who, sublime, for the *State*
“ His neck to the axe would submit,
“ To *bless* it—to snatch it from fate ;
“ And *that* MAN!—is the great WILLIAM PITT!—

“ Great MAN ! who ev'n *Kings* would *resist*,
“ And pawn for the Realm his *last shirt* ;
“ Too *virtuous* to make CIVIL LIST
“ The *fount* of *corruption* and *dirt*!—

“ GREAT MAN ! so *sublime* in his station !
“ The PILOT who weather'd the storm!—
“ Good MAN ! who ne'er *promis'd* the NATION
“ A *thing* which he did *not* perform!—

“ How *nobly* from office he went !
“ *Great* MAN!—not a doit in his fob !
“ *Great* MAN, with his *conscience* content,
“ Retiring as poor as poor JOB!—

“ *He*

“ *He* wish’d not to *burthen* the Nation—

“ *He* wish’d not for mountains of *pelf*!

“ *He* wish’d for his Country’s salvation—

“ *He* never once thought of *himself*!

“ Other **BARKS** on the Ocean of **TIME**

“ Shall be lost! into atoms shall split!

“ While, tow’ring in triumph sublime,

“ Thro’ the foam, moves the *great* **WILLIAM PITT**!

“ Of sweet **WOMAN** he courts not the smile—

“ Of **VENUS**, *ne’er* seen in the School—

“ An *animal*, *rare* in our Isle—

“ Heav’n grant that he mayn’t be a *Mule*!”

Having

A Mule.] I do not allude to the proverbial quality of that Animal,
but to his well-known inability of perpetuating his species—

Having finish'd his splendid oration,
Down solemnly sat Master SLY ;
When lo ! of a diff'rent persuasion,
Up rose, in much form, DICKEY DRY :—

“ Mister CHAIRMAN, the very *neat* speech
“ Just deliver'd by good Mister SLY,
“ Demonstrates how well he can *preach*—
“ His *assumptions*, I beg to deny.

“ Sir, 't is no very difficult matter
“ To be *florid*, and *roundly* assert—
“ With *irony*, names to bespatter ;
“ And characters cover with *dirt*.

“ I allow his oration is neat—
“ Full of point, SIR, I freely admit ;
“ But, SIR, the distinction is great,
“ *Very great*, between *wisdom* and *wit* !

“ Mister

“ Mister SLY must be surely in *sport*,

“ So ill is the character suited ;

“ Mister SLY may have found out his port—

“ *Not* the talents and virtues *imputed*.

“ Survey him in WESTMINSTER-HALL—

“ Poor youth ! not a brief in his bag !

“ There he look'd very small—very small !—

“ Not a Client to make his tongue wag !

“ Next behold him in league with a DUKE,

“ Busy then as the DEVIL in a storm,

“ Attempting poor *gudgeons* to hook

“ With a bait—a fine bait, call'd *Reform* !

“ *Pretty* doctrines they scatter'd around !

“ Pretty letters to SHARMAN they wrote !

“ SIR, I quickly should visit LOB'S POUND,

“ Should I dare e'en a passage to quote !

“ Master ARIS and I, very soon,
“ Should be trying of handcuffs a pair ;
“ When his HONOUR would teach me a tune—
“ *Bread and Water*—a fav’rite old air.

“ Well ! at length Master BILLY *got in*—
“ Arriv’d at the summit of power ;
“ What ’s Reform ?—Oh ! a *d--nable sin*—
“ A *Dæmon*, from that very hour.

“ Now terrier, cur, spaniel, and hound,
“ (No matter, rain, sun-shine, or storm),
“ Were to hunt, and, whenever they *found*,
“ To strangle *that vermin* REFORM !

“ Now trace him in Administration :
“ Take a peep at his pretty vagaries—
“ His *rare engines* for *calming* the Nation—
“ Messieurs REEVES and *mild* Governor ARIS !

“ Of

“ Of kindness so full, the *sweet* SAINT ;

“ So ready some *comfort* to give us ;

“ When we *open'd* our mouths with *complaint*,

“ His gaols open'd *theirs* to receive us !

“ Next at NEWGATE behold the *great* MAN !

“ *Sad* scene of *sad* *ir*-recollection—

“ Where tongues with much *liberty* ran,

“ And dealt in most saucy *reflection*.

“ What a pity that MEM'RY should *fail*—

“ Great pity, indeed !—I repeat it,

“ That a *yesterday's* action or tale,

“ *To-day*, one should *cleanly* forget it !—

“ What a day of dire mortification !

“ What a day of proud triumph for *foes* !

“ How *nimbly* the *gem* REPUTATION

“ Was going, that day, to the *crows* !

“ Mister



(24)

“ Mister SLY says his *Hero* was *poor*,
“ Which a deal to his glory redounds—
“ If the *Huntsman* was *lean*, we are sure
“ The *lean* NIMROD *well fatten'd* his *hounds* !

“ Mister SLY says his *Hero*, so *pure*,
“ Never courted the smiles of the Ladies—
“ SWEET JOSEPH ! not woman allure !—
“ What a comical sort of a blade 't is !

“ That PITT from the Ladies should fly,
“ Is rather an odd sort of whim ;
“ But I never should wonder, not I,
“ If the women all scamper'd from *him* !

“ From his *credit*, I scorn to detract,
“ For CANDOUR I always revere—
“ And if FAME ever mention'd *one act* ;
“ 'T was in *whispers*, no mortal could *hear* !

“ CIVIL

“ CIVIL LIST, Sir, 's a dangerous affair :

“ On *this* head he had better been *mum* ;

“ WISDOM looks on *that List* with a *stare* !—

“ But no more on that subject, Sir—*hum* !

“ *Great MAN* ! said the *great Mister DRAKE*—

“ Whose *virtues* and talents *surprise* !

“ Not of *wretched MORTALITY*'s *make* ;

“ But sent us, *express* from the *Skies* !—

“ If *P---* was sent down from on high,

“ The world, in *opinion*, must join ;

“ And pronounce, with one voice, that the *Sky*,

“ Like *HOUNSDITCH*, pass'd *counterfeit coin* !”

T. S.

THE END.

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